Here’s how the supporters of America lose! I am either very mentally ill and there is a serious epidemic in America of a mental health crisis. Or people are going against me to be cynical. Or I am wasting America’s tax dollars on me. Or America by this point has no clue who needs to be sectioned and when to section in America, you the reader get to deicide this along with me:

The FBI contacted me 3 times in a year and dropped charges where I faced from 3 years to 20 years I would think.

I was told I had “high functioning autism” up until age 14, but you will know I am not given how many professionals have told me “No”. I had not known until recently how it means nothing to be called such or knowing that it would be embraced by so many as a “part of who they are.” A psychiatrist said I did not have it and a professional gave me an hour-long test and said I didn’t have it. My mother claimed I barely talked when I was 3. My dad said there was never an issue of me talking as a child. I know who is telling the truth here.

I have been diagnosed with both schizo-affective disorder and schizophrenia 9 times at psych wards.

My dad told me it was very embarrassing standing in front of a judge that he wanted to go to try to get me to go to a state hospital he told me he had to go to in order to do the “civil” thing. The amazing part is, he was smiling the whole time getting to talk, at no point did I think he didn’t want to be there.

My dad criticizes me all the time but gets very angry when he is criticized. He criticizes me weekly in public to try to humiliate me and he says “we are leaving” when I criticize him.

My dad always goes to court hearings of mine when I tell him not to go despite him kicking me out.

My dad is strange.

My dad is a disgusting person. He pronounced a bus service called Gatra, “katar”.

My dad’s apartment is unlivable.

My dad would tell me I was being “short” later on in the day when I asked him if something is wrong. I would have no idea if he would feel that way.

My dad tried breaking my fingers. He calls me all the time asking me to move back in with him.

8 different times at psych wards, I think over a year total in psych wards. Over 20 ambulance rides to a hospital

I’ve been in the system for 3.5 years, my mother says, “you need the help”, she clearly has quit on me after I have tried to get her to go to counseling for me.

Every week my mother would say “I don’t want you living here.” My dad almost confessed to the fact she never wanted me to live with her.

My dad says to me “you were much more innocent back then.” First, not true. Second, he is just saying that to blame me.

My dad will not listen when you tell him no.

My dad finds it “rude” if people are in the background when I call. How important is he?

My dad responds with “**** you” at times when I ask him a question.

My dad held on to the photo with the intent of showing a judge. He says he now holds on to it with one reason being he expects an apology from me.

My dad and I fought after I tried talking to him when he brought groceries back from the grocery store. He said he was putting away dishes and I punched him several times to push him out of the front door to the apartment. My dad tried breaking my fingers when he and I argued after I shoved him in the back. He denies he ever tried or said he wasn’t trying to. After he tried breaking my fingers, I shoved him off me, and punched him three times. He keeps the photo of his full of blood from me punching him.

Anytime my dad takes issue, he asks me “do you want to argue?”

My dad tells me that I am trying to argue with him when I disagree with him on how to resolve an issue.

My dad says I go on YouTube to watch videos all day.

When my dad doesn’t want to get involved, my dad says “I don’t know the situation”.

My dad is available one day a week for a few hours despite being retired.

Every time I rebuttal my dad, he calls it an argument.

Every time I call my dad, he tells me that I am taking him away from something he is doing.

After my sister and her family, my dad’s friends, his cousins, dates he goes on, his neighbor, I am the last person that my dad wants to spend time with.

My dad makes you repeat everything because he gets the details wrong every time.

My dad wants to get involved with everything.

My dad makes these strange noises all day long.

If my dad feels he is attacked, he will blame you for something that is wrong.

My parents would tell me “You weren’t taking the pills.”

My mother, my father, and my sister did not care at all that my sister's husband threatened to fight me on Christmas.

If I got upset at my parents or my sister, they would instantly get angry at me acting like victims.

My dad will bring up a conversation, he will ask many questions, then when he decides he doesn't want to talk about something, he acts like a victim.

My mother hangs up when I say I am not responsible for 100% of the arguments we have.

My mother wanted me in the mental health system.

My mother would say "no I didn't", then later when I discussed it with her "I am not putting up with this."

When there was an issue caused by my dad, my mother would believe him every time.

My mother is not willing to move my material to her place or my dad's place.

My mother laughs at me.

My mother cares more about college courses she takes than seeing me. She wanted me to move closer to her as if it is my responsibility.

My mother blamed me claiming I picked the group home she wanted me sent to that she wanted for many years.

My mother did not care at all that a patient smoked crack at the group home I was living at acting as if the patient didn't smoke crack at all.

My mother wanted me to go to a state psych ward, she got angry at me when I went several more times to psych wards. She wants everything her way.

My mother hoped I would be mentally ill and tried to make the case that I was by calling the cops on me.

My mother expects me to call daily. She hangs up on me most of the times.

My mother gets furious when I call her more than once a day. She gets deeply concerned if I don't call daily expecting me to call.

My mother will yell at me saying "that is not my problem" if I explain something wrong to her.

My mother will hang up and blame me instead of agreeing with me.

My mother would call the group home I lived at to try to section me. A staff would say often times what she would call about wouldn't be of concern.

My mother will blame me after yelling at me.

My mother tried forcing me to go to a hospital at 17 because I yelled since she wouldn’t allow me to buy a truck. I walked to my dad’s place that day.

My mother told me she would set up cameras in her house and my sister would laugh along with her.

My sister and her husband always find a way to blame someone else when they make a mistake.

Both parents blame me every time there is a conflict. They never apologize.

My mother doesn’t think I have autism.

My dad is terrible at driving and backs up when I’m walking behind his car to get to my apartment. He almost runs over me. He won’t apologize for it.

My dad will take offense to something I say where he assumes the worst and then he denies it saying he didn’t take offense.

My mother only hangs up on me. She does this with almost every phone call.

My mother said to me why would you want to cause that much pain when I said what if I ran away when she kicked me out. My parents were ok with a 17-year-old being homeless.

My father never told me he was going to kick me out after college.

My dad truly does not get it.

When I tell my dad what is wrong with America and where it is headed, he calls it “harassment.” I thought he was into politics.

My sister asks my parents why I don’t call, she rarely picks up if I do.

My father wants to make it work, but when it doesn’t work, he’s more than a jerk.

My father takes interest in what I say, my mother does not.

When I ask my father to change the subject, he will and then bring up the previous subject one minute later.

My mother believes I have schizophrenia. She tells me it doesn’t matter the diagnosis as long as I am diagnosed as mentally ill.

My sister told my mother she was upset because I didn’t pick up my phone for my birthday because she wanted to go to a restaurant with me or something. My sister will not pick up when I call her, this was the first time my sister called in 7 months. My mother said I was making things up when I said my sister called me once over the span of 7 months.

My mother feels I am mentally ill and cannot be trusted in society, she thinks I will go to jail eventually that I can be violent someday. She feels I need help my whole life and she wants a staff to supervise me. She doesn’t even let me finish sentences

when I ask her for something, she assumes the worst when I talk to her. My mother always tells me “People don’t do stuff like that”.

My mother plays victim in person, on the phone she is the opposite.

My sister’s husband says I need serious help and will not give out his brother’s number who he and I get along with.

No matter what I say, my mother will always hear something different then what I tell her to fill the narrative that I am “mentally ill.” For example, I would tell her that I lost over 3 and a half years of my life at psych wards because of the pain I was in from the side effects. I told her I would have enjoyed being at one. She hears that as I wanted to be at psych wards for life claiming I make “no sense”.

I am never allowed to live at my sister’s house.

No matter what I tell my father, he hears it a different way.

I got kicked out of my dad’s house. He is allowing me back in. He uses me.

I got permanently kicked out of a group home

I’ve been kicked out of my mother’s house twice below age 20 but it isn’t permanent provided I take daily medications (which I obviously don’t take)

6 centers in America have banned me permanently

A restraining order that has gone on for over 4 years now

3 speeding tickets in my whole life (really nothing in that category)

Cops have contacted me over 20 different occasions for things my whole life

A disturbing the peace charge which was dropped when a cop drove in front of my car causing a crash on the EZ pass toll where I spent 6 hours in a cell

I got into an argument with the college’s head department of business, and I reported him to get the college to write off something he said he would.

When I had done the math, between the psych wards, social security, medications, group homes, the total was over 1 million dollars over the span of three and a half years!

If I keep going back to psych wards, they will name one after me. Haha!

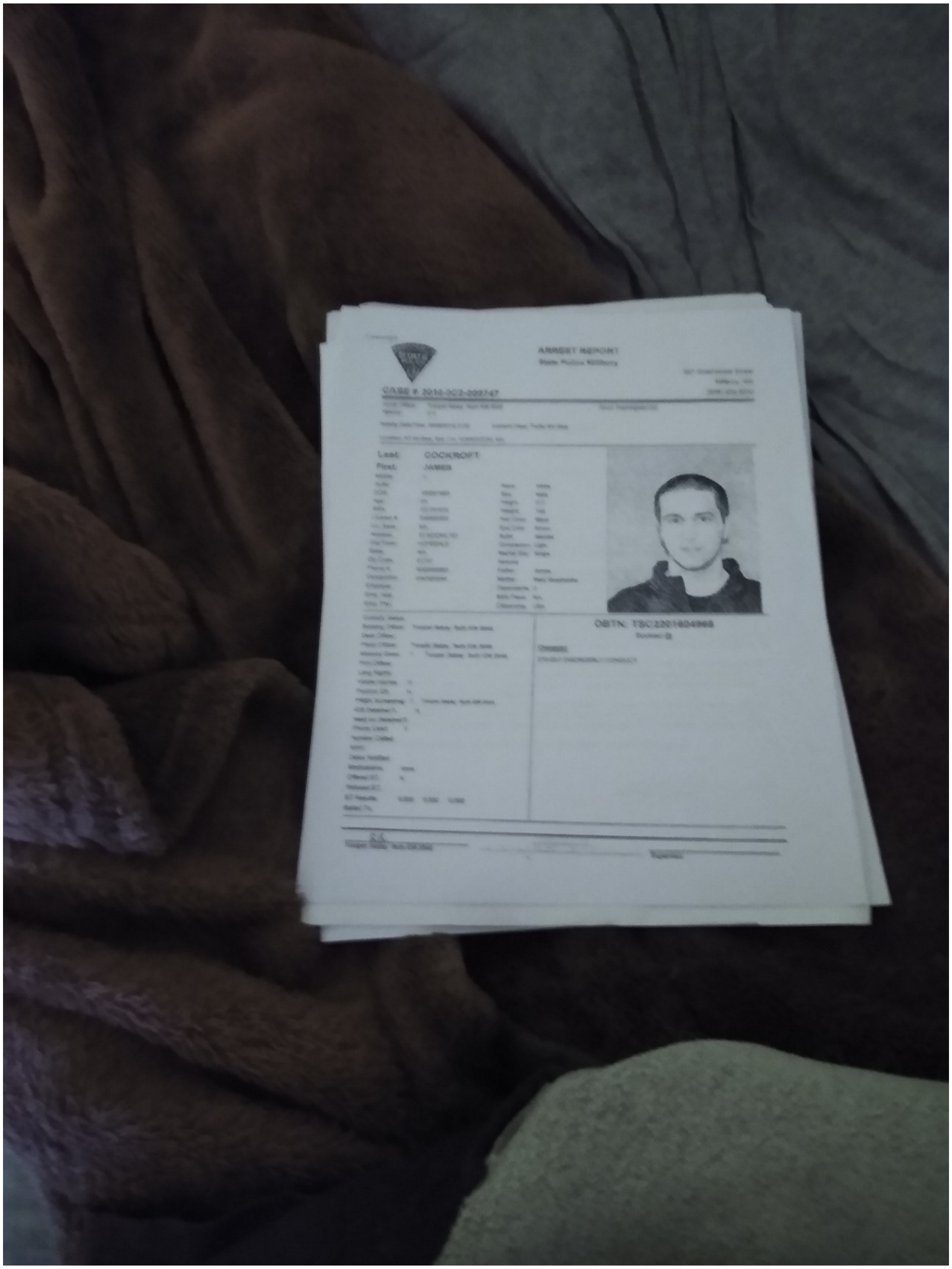
On the report, it does not state he first lied and said that I had caused the crash. It also doesn't state how they took a long time talking to each other and he clearly called his own personal Millbury state policeman. The Millbury state policeman purposely didn't talk. So, there was no room to argue. Of course, a 23-year-old will get mad, I did not get that mad at all I remember, heck I will be honest I was 23 I couldn't get that mad, the cop was much bigger than me I thought he could tackle me I was only 143 pounds thanks for calling me very tough which will show they lied. It also doesn't state I couldn't see his lights since I was exiting the toll and the toll blocked me off. It also doesn't state he needed to have his sirens on for many reasons considering he was crossing a lane on a highway cutting in front of my car, something illegal. How am I going to see his lights when it is dark out? I couldn't swerve, I had to go straight. The report says I caused vehicles to swerve, I drove straight, and his car drove in front of me. I slipped their handcuffs because they were barely on, and they made me wait in the back of cruiser for an hour where the cop in there was worried knowing they did the wrong thing. The drug evaluation was voluntary. I remember the cop also lied claiming I had assaulted him. I told him so many times that we had to bring cops to the scene, yet he ignored me for his own reason. Yes, I did yell but I did also laugh at them saying a lawyer would get them fired way to make me seem delusional there. All I did was point at the cop and raise my voice saying he caused the crash not me. Then the cop pushed me onto his cruiser and handcuffed me. It took hours for them to take me to their own personal cell bringing a separate cop to do that. During the first court appointment, the cop for the courthouse who read the sheet that the Millbury state police cop wrote out had serious difficulties reading the handwriting the cop had used, the judge was screaming at me during it. A cop from the Millbury state police later lied to the judge on his cop friend's behalf and the judge believed him that I had weed in my car. He even made a face at me when I called him a liar in court. It got worse, I had to go back to the courthouse a second time because they put me in the wrong courtroom and blamed me. They also brought in a cop to lie to me to say he was the Milford chief of police when I requested him while I was in the cell. It is amazing how the cops made me out to be a very angry person (not a mad man) who wanted to physically assault a cop bigger than me, and he was helpless. According to the news the cops do the assaults, yet somehow, they can pull this to make me appear as the aggressor in court. They always have the judges on their side.

A clerk looked at me like I was crazy, a criminal, or desperate to argue with the catholic deacon because I sent him an average of 40 texts a day which he could have read the ones listed yet he only went for one of them. The clerk clearly knew that the deacon never told me to stop texting him or had said only text me 3 times a day knowing that the deacon wanted me to have his number and we texted for over a year. I had gotten 26 text messages in one night from someone I knew from high school which I read the next day; he does this because he works a 9-5. It took me 4 minutes to read all the text messages. This clerk smirked at me after I saw him outside of the courtroom knowing that I am not a madman, we must really hate each other in this country.

Some lady at a grocery store said I look like a nascar driver, I disagree with this.

“Ask not what you can do for your country, but ask what your country can do for you”

At 23 and at 29 now I don’t know any better, thanks America.


ARREST REPORT
Last: COCKROFT
First: JAMES

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